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THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. VI.

NOW, sir, permit me to return your question, said the lady; what would be the extent and form of *your* laws, for preventing or correcting the evils of which we have seen so many specimens?

He replied that their extent would be circumscribed within very moderate bounds, and that their form would be so simple, as not to be capable of being misunderstood,—but, said he, I should anticipate a difficulty in the outset, which might be insuperable; for the first application I should make, would be to the legislature of *Fashion*, whose edicts are in some cases so capricious, as to leave reason little to hope for; and without some salutary acts passed by this whimsical court, existence could not be given to my system of regulations.

I would require that a body politic should be formed of some of the most enlightened and influential individuals of society, into which should be received as members, any persons of decent character, who might from time to time wish to be admitted. This society should be in fact, a counter association, to check the evils of baneful associations;—as I before remarked that from well devised and rational associations, are derived many of the enjoyments of life; while a great part of its evils originate in those which are improper, and irrational.

From this society should be selected some of its most venerable and respectable members, to a considerable number; they should be residents of all parts of the city, and should constitute, what I will term a council of observation. The duties of this council should be defined in the constitution and laws of the society. The first of these duties should enjoin a diligent watchfulness over the manners of children in the city, and of others whose immoral, indecent, or improper conduct should render them just objects of the council's observation. When trifling misdemeanors in the streets should be observed by a member of this council, a word from him would be a sufficient check; but in cases of gross infringement on the rules of decency and propriety, which might fall within his notice, the name of the party should be by him obtained, and, communicated to the council at their next meeting. If the transgressor should be found to be under the direction of any member of the society, that member would of course be informed of the communication; if he should be found to be of a family not in connexion with the society, the council could in a delicate manner inform the parent, guardian, or master, that the communication had been made. Of many beneficial effects resulting from this part of the system, I will mention *three*, which would naturally arise.

First, Children, would be deterred from displaying rude manners and indecent language in the streets; for it is remarked by those who have been in the habit of watching the progress of youth, that obtaining the name of a child, who has transgressed abroad, and giving information to the parent, has a certain effect to check, and generally to put a final stop, to similar transgressions by the same youth.

Second, Parents who have the welfare of their children at heart would feel an obligation to the council, for seasonable information of errors, which to them would otherwise remain unknown; they would of course generally adopt such measures as would operate to prevent a similar complaint forever after.

Third, Parents, (if they may be called such) who suffer their children to run unrestrained to licentiousness, would be offended with the liberty taken by the council, in noticing the errors of their children; and this, I consider, as not the least of the benefits which would result from such an institution; for hereby correct information would be obtained of those who cultivate the vices of society; and measures might be adopted for restraining their influence, without abridging their natural rights.

The conversation was here interrupted by Mrs. Short Metre, with *Ah! you can't put grown people's heads on children's shoulders.*

It is not so easy a task, I must acknowledge, replied the Doctor, as it is to put children's heads on grown people's shoulders.—To encourage, said he, a docile demeanor and amiable habits, would form another branch of the duty of this council; from families and from schools the names of deserving youth should be sedulously sought, to be honored with a public place in the room where the council should meet. This list of names, to be constantly exposed to all who should visit the room, would be a general stimulus to youth of any ambition to conduct in such a manner, as to have their names ranked with the meritorious; thereby insuring the affection of their parents, and the esteem of their friends and acquaintances. This measure would have an influence to promote knowledge and virtue among youth, as the French promote intrepidity, by the honorary and effective impulse of "*He deserves well of his country.*"

By the two measures which I have now described, this council would be empowered with the means, first, of reducing vicious and base practices; and, secondly, of promoting goodness, and honoring those youth who should be found to possess it; and all this would be effected by the seasonable application of only a few *appropriate words*. Where energy now exists in family government, it would become more influential; and where it does not exist, the defect would be less injurious to society. Subordination to parental authority and to reason, would be called into fashion, and occasions would be reduced for resorting to the rigour of penal laws, for the punishment of crimes; a great proportion of which are the offspring of neglect in early life.

But I can see no motive sufficiently powerful, said the lady, to induce the respectable and enlightened part of society, to unite in forming and continuing such an establishment; and without *their aid*, the attempt would be fruitless.

Here, said he, lies one of the difficulties, which I had anticipated meeting;—*not that a motive is wanting*; but, that language may not be sufficiently powerful to give that motive its due impulse with the opulent, who are commonly too much involved in lucrative pursuits, to lend their attention to any subject, which does not immediately tend to promote or retard those pursuits. Yet, as I before mentioned, I do not despair. The time must come, and it appears to me to be

rapidly hastening, when the necessity of a moral reform will so strongly force conviction on the minds of the leading characters in our cities, that a correction of these evils will take place for the safety of the community. [*Boston Weekly Magazine.*]

ON RESIGNATION.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
"Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
"Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

SCRIPTURE does not enjoin sorrow as unworthy of virtue, it only forbids us to sorrow as man without hope; but, after Nature has shed her tributary tears, and discharged her burden, Religion may come in to pacify and reconcile us; we may not be able to enjoy the frivolous diversions of the world, but we should substitute a calm, resigned and composed temper; we should be serious without despondency; dejected, without impatience; and resigned, without complaint. As we are here only sojourners and travellers, and look for a more substantial residence, a residence founded upon a rock, a residence of happiness and joy.

"Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest."

The lesson I have been inculcating, is, indeed, at first, hard to be endured, though by no means above our accomplishing. We are not tempted above what we are able to bear; but let me not be supposed to recommend insensibility; my intentions are far otherwise: but I wish all mankind to consider the impropriety of indulging a despondingtemper. Revelation from on high, has discovered to us a resting place through the lowering gloom of adversity: there then let us fix our hearts and minds,, and calmly bear these light afflictions, which are but for a moment; steadily and firmly convinced, that they will work for us a far more exceeding and eternal brightness of glory. Q.

ON BENEVOLENCE.

"Wide as the sun his bright dominion spreads,
"Heav'n born benevolence her bounty sheds,
"She, meek eyed goddess, quits th' angelic sphere,
"To banish grief, and dry the human tear."

BENEVOLENCE is a virtue, the most amiable in its nature, and beneficial in its effects. It sheds diffusive lustre wherever it is exercised. Its cheering influence enlivens the gloomy habitation of sorrow, makes gladsome the way of the afflicted, relieves the sorrows of the unfortunate, wipes the big swoln tear from the furrowed cheek of grief, and administers a healing balm to the wounds of the distressed.

Benevolence, at the same time it tends to individual happiness, promotes the common good. Were all men actuated by a spirit of philanthropy, there would be an end to broils and dissentions. Instead of wars, factions, and disturbances in communities, we should see mankind united as brethren, and mutually reciprocating good offices. All motives of self interest would be absorbed in the more generous desires of encreasing the general welfare. Peace would extent her "olive wand," and under her mild reign, the great family of man would enjoy security and happiness.

No longer would the poor cry for bread in the streets. The unfortunate widow, in the day of her affliction, would no longer be destitute of a helper, and the mild voice of charity would become responsive, to the plaintive wail of the orphan. Reason would usurp the place of passion, and man no longer seeking revenge in his neighbor's suffering, would bury all wrongs in oblivion, and forgive even the seventy-seventh offence.

Not only should benevolence be employed in relieving the misfortunes of others, but in forming an opinion of their actions and character. Too liable are we in our judgments of persons to be swayed by prejudice or partiality. Too often it is the case, that the innocent suffer by rash and inconsiderate determinations.

When we consider the frailty of our natures, and how cautious we ought to be of injuring another's good reputation, we shall find it more for our mutual convenience to forgive, than to censure, and instead of depreciating another's merit, to draw the mantle of charity over the imperfections of a brother. Z.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ICHNEUMON.

THE Indian Ichneumon is a small creature, in appearance between a weazel and a mungoose. It is of infinite use to the natives from its inveterate enmity to snakes, which would otherwise render every footstep of the traveller dangerous. The proofs of sagacity which I have seen in this little animal are truly surprising, and afford a beautiful instance of the wisdom with which Providence has fitted the power of every animal to its particular situation on the globe. This diminutive creature, on seeing a snake ever so large, will instantly dart on it and seize it by the throat, provided he finds himself in an open place where he has an opportunity of running to a certain herb, which he knows instinctively to be an antidote against the poison of the bite, if he should happen to receive one. I was present at an experiment tried at Columbo, to ascertain the reality of this circumstance. The Ichneumon procured for the purpose was first shewn the snake in a close room. On being let down to the ground, he did not discover any inclination whatever to attack his enemy, but ran prying about the room to discover if there was any hole or aperture by which he might get out. On finding none, he returned hastily to his master, and placing himself in his bosom, could not by any means be induced to quit it or face the snake. On being carried out of the house, however, and laid down near his antagonist in an open place, he instantly flew at the snake and soon destroyed it. He then suddenly disappeared for a few minutes, and again returned, as soon as he had found the herb and eat of it. This useful instinct impels the animal to have recourse to the herb on all occasions, where it is engaged with a snake, whether poisonous or not. The one employed in this experiment was of the harmless kind, and procured for the purpose.

REMARKABLE.

[*The following was communicated to us from respectable authority, and we have no doubt of its being literally correct.*] Barometer.

THE HERMITESS OF NORTH-SALEM.

WHEN the train of human events appears to deviate, from its wonted course, and becomes productive of characters altogether new and unexampled, it has a claim on the world to be perpetuated.

An instance of this kind, where nature has appeared surprisingly to wander from its wonted operations, is displayed in the character, and manner of life, exhibited by a certain female in the vicinity of this town. We often hear of men from various motives preferring a life of solitude in some gloomy cavern of the earth; but to find one of the fair-sex immured in a cave, wholly secluded from human society, is a rare phenomenon.

Acquainted with all their delicacy of body, their natural timidity of mind, their loquacity of temper, and their inordinate love of seeing and of being seen, to find them forsaking all human society for the dreary haunts of savage beasts, appears, when related, too romantic to gain belief. Yet the reader may rely on the sequel, as a simple narrative of facts.

SARAH BISHOP (for this is the name of this Hermitess) is a person of about fifty years of age. About thirty years ago she was a young lady of considerable beauty, a competent share of mental endowments, and education; she was possessed of a handsome fortune, but she was of a tender and delicate constitution, and enjoyed but a low degree of health; she could hardly be confortable without constant recourse to medicine, and careful attendance; and added to this, she always discovered an unusual antipathy to men; and was often heard to say, that she had no dread of any animal on earth but man.—Disgusted with them, and consequently with the world, about twenty-three years ago, she withdrew herself from all human society, and in the bloom of life resorted to the mountains, which divide Salem from North-Salem; where she has spent her days to the present time, in a cave, or

rather in a cleft of the rock, withdrawn from the society of every living creature. Yesterday, (in company with the two Capt. Smiths of this town) I went into the mountains to visit this surprising Hermitage, a just portrait of which, is contained in the following lines.

As you pass the southern and most elevated ridge of the mountain, and begin to descend the southern steep, you meet with a perpendicular descent of a rock of about ten feet, in the front of which is this cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it instantly forms a frightful precipice, descending about half a mile to the pond, known by the name of the *Long pond*. On the right and left of this fertile ground, the mountain rises in cliffs, and almost incloses it, being a square of one half acre. In the front of the rock on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, there appears to be a large *frustrum* of the rock, of a cubic fathom in size, thrown out of the rock by some unknown convulsion of nature, and lies in front of the cavity from whence it was rent, partly inclosing the mouth, and forming a room of the same dimensions with the *frustrum* itself, the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion.

This cavern is the habitation of this Hermitess, in which she has spent twenty-three of her best years, self-excluded from all human society. She keeps no domesticated animal, not even a fowl, a cat, or a dog. Her little plantation, consisting of one half acre, is cleared of its wood and reduced to grass, but she makes but little use of it, excepting that she has raised a few peach trees on it, and she plants yearly a few hills of beans, cucumbers and potatoes. The whole plat is surrounded with a luxuriant growth of grape vines, which overspread the surrounding wood, and produce grapes in great abundance. On the opposite side of this little tenement, or cave, is a fine fountain of excellent water, which issues from the side of the mountain, and loses itself in this little plat.

At this fountain we found this wonderful woman, whose appearance is a little difficult to describe; indeed, like nature in its first estate, she was without form, that is, she appeared in no form or position I had ever seen before: her dress appeared little else but one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, which obscured every human shape, excepting her head, which was cloathed with a luxuriency of lank grey hair, depending on every side, just as nature and time had formed it, wholly devoid of any artificial covering or ornament.

When she discovered our approach she exhibited the appearance of any other wild and timid animal. She started, looked wild, and hastened with the utmost precipitation to her cave, which she entered and barricaded the entrance with old shells* which she had pulled from the decayed trees. To this humble mansion we approached, and after some conversation with her, we obtained liberty to remove the palisadoes and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only sufficient to accommodate a single person.—We conversed with her for some considerable time, found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and to be entirely happy and contented with her situation; of this she has given to others repeated demonstration, who have, in vain, solicited her to quit this dreary abode.—We saw no utensil, either for labor or cookery, excepting an old pewter bason, and a goard-shell; no bed but the solid rock, unless it were a few old rags, scattered here and there upon it; no bed cloaths of any kind; not the least appearance of any sort of food, and no fire.

She had indeed a place in one corner of her cell, where she kindled fire at times, but it did not appear that any fire had been kindled there this spring. To confirm this opinion, a certain man says, that he passed her cell five or six days after the great fall of snow in the beginning of March last, that she had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe seasons, is yet a mystery. She says she eats but little flesh of any kind, and it is difficult to imagine how she is supported through the winter season. In the summer she subsists on the berries, nuts, and roots which the mountains afford. It may be that she secretes her winter store in some other fissure of the rock, more convenient for the purpose than the cell she inhabits.

She keeps a Bible with her, and says she takes much satisfaction, and spends much time in reading in it, and meditating thereon. It may be this woman is a sincere worshipper of God; if so, she is yet more rich, wise, and happy, than thousands in affluence and honor, who behold her with astonishment and scorn. At any rate from this humble, yet astonishing page of human nature—we read a most excellent lecture on the human heart. It was the peculiar state of this woman's heart which drove her to forsake the society of man, and led her to this solitary mansion. The peculiar relish of the human heart will embrace solitude, dishonor, deformity, and death itself for happiness, whilst its antipathies can embitter a paradise of joy. Reason has no power against its influence; it is not the energy of science, but a heart formed to a wise, decent, and useful life, that must regenerate the world.

* *By* "SHELLS," *we suppose our correspondent means thin pieces of timber split from falling trees.*

AMUSING.

A PEASANT AND AN EMPEROR.

A Persian emperor, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut tree, and advancing towards him asked his age. The peasant replied, "I am four years old." An attendent rebuked him for uttering such absurdities in the presence of the Emperor. "You censure me without cause," replied the peasant, "I did not speak without reflection, for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world; I therefore consider that to be my real age, which has been past in serving the deity, and discharging my duty to society." The emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed, "Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection."—"True," answered the sage, "but since others have planted that we might eat, it is proper that we should plant for the benefit of others."—"Excellent," exclaimed the emperor; upon which, as was the custom whenever any one was honored with the applause of the sovereign, a purse bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obedience, and added, "O king, other men's trees come to perfection, in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted.—"Bravo," said the monarch, and a second purse of gold was presented, when the old man exclaimed, "The trees of others bear fruit only once a year, but mine yield two crops in one day."—"Delightful!" replied the emperor, and a third purse of gold was given; after which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying reverend father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should extinguish my treasury."

WHEN Colonel Thornton once asked his coach-man, if he had any objection to go abroad with him? "To any place that was ever created," said the fellow very eagerly. —"Would you drive me to hell?" said the colonel. "That I would," answered the fellow, "that I would."—"Why you would find a hot birth, and you must go in first yourself, Tom, as the box is before the coach." "No, no, I would *back your honor in*, and wait at the gate—I knows my place.

A Mr. Wyman, who was famed for nothing but stupidity and indolence, as he was going from home one day, was desired by his wife, not to be gone so much—"She was afraid to be left alone."—"Poh," said he," *Naught is never in danger.*" "I know that," said she, "but *Naught's wife is.*"

BLANKS
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S SONG OF DEATH.

FAREWEL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies;
Now gay with the broad setting sun;
Farewel, loves and friendships, the dear, tender ties;
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrants! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the poor peasant—he sinks in the dark!
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark,
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In fields of proud honor—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands—
O! who would not die with the brave!

Lines from the Pen of an English Novelist.

'TWAS sweet as violet breathing gale,
'Twas soothing as the moon's faint beam,
'Twas tender as the ring-dove's tale—
Alas!—and *was it but a dream?*

I thought I saw him once again—
Again I listen'd to his voice;
It calm'd the tumult of my brain,
It bade my throbing heart rejoice.

Oh! with what eager keen delight!
I trac'd a form distinct and clear,
That cheated my enraptur'd sight,
With the blest thought that *he was near.*

Love still was weeping in his eyes,
As first the little traitor stole,
Conceal'd in friendship's soft disguise,
To pierce and agonize my soul.

Upon his cheek the ling'ring tear
Told me in absence, *he was true,*
And that *pale* cheek was far *more dear,*
Than had it glow'd with joy's bright hue.

His glist'ning eyes, long fix'd on me,
Did many a tender hope impart,
For such his looks—'twas bliss to see—
When first he sought and *won* my heart.

I thought they bade my sorrows cease,
And charm'd despondence from my breast;
I thought they promis'd joy and peace,
And for a moment I was bless'd!

Ah me, and must I wake and weep?
Too soon, alas! the morning beam
Dispels the phantasies of sleep!—
Alas! and *was it then a dream?*

NOVELIST.

ZIMEO.—A TALE.

SOME years ago, Paul Wilmot, a Quaker, native of Philadelphia, having settled in Jamaica, retired to a plantation beautifully situated on the declivity of a mountain, near the centre of the island. His family consisted of a wife and three young children. He possessed a number of slaves, whose looks and whole appearance betokened that their servitude was not grievous. Indeed Wilmot was one of those benevolent characters, that consider the wide world as their country, and the whole human race as their brethren. His negroes were distributed into little families. Among them were no dissentions, no jealousies, no thefts, no suicides, no conspiracies: the labors of the day gave place in the evening to the song and the dance: and they retired to rest, with hearts full of gratitude, satisfaction, and content.

About this time, a negro of Benin, known by the name of John, had instigated the slaves of two rich plantations to revolt, to massacre their masters, and to fly to the mountain. This mountain is in the middle of the island; it is almost inaccessible, and is surrounded with fruitful valleys, which are inhabited by negroes, called the wild negroes. These, having formerly deserted their services, settled in those valleys, from thence they often made cruel sallies upon their former masters; but now they seldom rise, except to revenge their brethren, who fly to them for refuge, from insupportable persecution. John had been chosen chief of those negroes, and had issued from the vallies with a considerable body of followers. The alarm was soon spread in the colony: troops were marched to the mountain, and soldiers distributed in those plantations that were defensible.

Wilmot assembled his slaves. "My friends," said he "there are arms; if I have been a hard master to you, use them against me: but if I have behaved to you as an affectionate father, take them and assist me in defending my wife and children." The negroes seized upon the arms, and swore they would die in his defence, and in the defence of those that were dear to him.

Amongst his slaves there was one, named Francisco, whom a friend of Wilmot's, called Filmer, had found abandoned on the shore of a Spanish colony; he had been barbarously maimed and one of his legs was newly cut off; a young negro woman was employed in stopping the blood, and in weeping the inefficacy of her cures. She had beside her a child but a few days old. They belonged to a Spaniard, who had taken this revenge on the negro, for abetting Marianne, the woman, in her rejection of some dishonorable proposals which her master had made to her. Filmer purchased them of the Spaniard, who pretended that he had thus treated the negro because he had surprised him performing the abominable ceremonies of the religion of Benin. Wilmot received them of his friend, who also lived in his family. Marianne became the favorite of his wife; and Francisco, by his good sense and his knowledge of agriculture acquired the confidence of Wilmot, and the esteem of every one.

This man came to his master at the begining of the night. "The chief of the blacks," says he, "is a native of Benin; he adores the Great Orissa, the Lord of life, and the Father of mankind; he must, therefore, be guided by justice and benevolence: he comes to punish the enemies of the children of Orissa; but you who have consoled them in their misery, he will respect. Let him know by one of our brethren of Benin, how you have treated your slaves, and you will see those warriors fire their muskets in the air, and throw their spears at your feet." His advice was followed, and a messenger dispatched to John.

When day appeared, it discovered a scene of desolation. Most of the houses within view, were on fire, and the plantations laid waste. In a few places, the cattle were seen feeding in security: but in most, the men and animals were discovered flying across the country, pursued by the exasperated negroes. John had given orders to spare neither man, woman, or child, in the places where his brethren had been harshly treated; in the others, he, contented himself with giving liberty to the slaves, but he set fire to every house that was deserted. In his course he proceeded to the plantation of Wilmot, with a detachment of thirty men.

John, or rather Zimeo, (for the revolted negroes quit the names they have received on their arrival in the colonies,) was a young man about two and twenty years of age; the statues of Apollo and Antinous do not shew more regular features, or more beautiful proportions. He had an air of grandeur, and seemed born for command. He was still warm from the fight; but, in accosting Wilmot and Filmer, his eyes expressed affection and good-will; the most opposite sentiments shewed themselves by turns in his countenance; he was almost, in the same moment, sorrowful and gay, furious and tender. "I have avenged my race," said he, "and myself; think not hardly, ye men of peace, of the unfortunate Zimeo; shrink not at the blood with which he is covered; it is that of the inhuman; it is to terrify the wicked that I set no bounds to my vengeance."——Then turning to the slaves, "choose," says he, "whether you will follow me to the mountain, or remain with your master." But the negroes falling at the feet of Wilmot, swore, with one voice, that they would rather die than leave him; that he had been a father to them, rather than a master; and that their servitude had been a blessing, rather than a bondage.

[*TO BE CONTINUED.*]

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